*Des.* Alas! ſhee has no ſpeech.
*Iag.* I know too much:
I finde it, I; for when I ha liſt to ſleepe,
Mary, before your Ladiſhip I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
*Em.* You ha little cauſe to ſay ſo.
*Iag.* Come on, Come on, you are Pictures out adores:
Bells in your Parlors: Wildcats in your Kitchins:
Saints in your iniuries: Diuells being offended:
Players in your houſwifery; and houſwiues in your beds.
O fie vpon thee ſlanderer.
*Iag.* Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a *Turke*,
You riſe to play, and goe to bed to worke.
*Em.* You ſhall not write my praiſe.
*Iag.* No, let me not.
*Des.* What wouldſt thou write of me,
If thou ſhouldſt praiſe me?
*Iag.* O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.
*Des.* Come on, aſſay -- there's one gone to the Harbor?
*Iag.* I Madam.
*Des.* I am not merry, but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe:
Come, how wouldſt thou praiſe me?
*Iag.* I am about it, but indeed my inuention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out braine and all: but my Muſe labors,
And thus ſhe is deliuer'd:
If ſhe be faire and wiſe, faireneſſe and wit;
The one's for vſe, the other vſing it.
*Des.* Well praiſde: how if ſhe be blacke and witty?
*Iag.* If ſhe be blacke, and therein haue a wit,
Shee'le finde a white, that ſhall her blackneſſe hit.
*Des.* Worſe and worſe.
*Em.* How if faire and fooliſh?
*Iag.* She neuer yet was fooliſh, that was faire,





For euen her folly helpt her, to a ha
*Des.* Theſe are old paradoxes, to m
What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for
That's foule and fooliſh?
*Iag.* There's none ſo foule, and fo
But does foule prankes, which faire
*Des.* O heauy ignorance, that pr
praiſe couldſt thou beſtow on a d
that in the authority of her merrits
very malice it ſelfe?
*Iag.* She that was euer faire, and
Had tongue at will, and yet was neu
Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neue
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid, no
She that being angred, her reuenge
Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſplea
She that in wiſedome, neuer was ſo
To change the Codſhead for the Sa
She that could thinke, and ne're diſel
She was a wight, if euer ſuch wight
*Des.* To doe what?
*Iag.* To ſuckle fooles, and chroni
*Des.* O moſt lame and impotent
Doe not learne of him *Emilia*, tho h
How ſay you *Caſſio*, is he not a moſt
Counſellour?
*Caſ.* He ſpeakes home Madam,
More in the Souldier then in the Sch
*Iag.* He takes her by the palme;
webbe as this will enſnare as great
her, doe: I will catch you in your o
tis ſo indeed. If ſuch trickes as thel
nantry, it had beene better you had n
which now againe, you are moſt apt
kiſt, an excellent courteſie; tis ſo ind
your lips? Would they were Cliſ
Moore, I know his Trumpet.



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